

# THE LIONS OF THE LORD

A TALE OF THE OLD WEST  
BY HARRY LEON WILSON

## CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

It was this earlier teaching that the faithful of Amalton clung to, perhaps not a little by reason that immediately over them was a spiritual guide who had been trained from infancy to know that salvation lay in belief, never in doubt. For a sign of the end they believed that on the night before the day of it there would be no darkness. This would be as it had been before the birth of the Savior, as told in the Book of Mormon: "At the going down of the sun there was no darkness, and the people began to be astonished because there was no darkness when the night came; and there was no darkness in all that night, but it was as light as if it were midday."

They talked of little but this matter in that small pocket of the intermountain commonwealth, in Sabbath meetings and around the hearths at night. The Wild Ram of the Mountains thought all proselyting should cease in view of the approaching end; that the Elders on mission should withdraw from the vineyard, shake the dust from their feet, and seal up the rebellious Gentiles to damnation. To this Elder Bell Wardle had replied, somewhat testily:

"Well, now, since these valleys of Ephraim have not a little fattened a whole lot of us have got the sweeny, and our skins are growing too tight on our flesh." He had been unable to comprehend that the Gentiles were a rejected lot, the lost sheep of the house of Israel. On this occasion it had required all the tact of Elder Rae to soothe the two good men into an amiable discussion of the time when Sidney Rigdon went to the third heaven and talked face to face with God. They had agreed in the end, however, that they were both of the royal seed of Abraham, and were on the grand turnpike to exaltation.

To these discussions and sermons the child, Prudence, listened with intense interest, looking forward to the last day as an occasion productive of excitement even superior to that of her trips to Salt Lake City, where her father went to attend the October conference, and where she was taken to the theater.

One day in this spring when she was 14, the good Bishop Wright, on his way down from Box canyon with a load of wood, saw her striding up the road ahead of him. Something caught his eye, either in her step which had a child's careless freedom, or in the lines of her swaying figure that told of coming womanhood, or in the flashing, laughing appeal of her dark eyes where for the moment both woman and child looked out. He set the brake on his wagon and waited for her to pass. She came by with a smile and a word of greeting, to which his rapt attention prevented any reply except a slight nod. When she had passed, he turned and looked after her until she had gone around the little hill on the road that entered the canyon.

After the early evening meal that day, along the many-roomed house of this good man, from door to door there ran the words, starting from her who had just been sealed to him:

"He's making himself all proud!"

They know what it meant, and wondered whom.

A little later the Bishop set out, his face clean shaven to the ruff of white whiskers that ran under his chin from ear to ear, his scant hair smooth and shining with grease from the largest bear ever trapped in the Pine Mountains, and his tall form arrayed in his best suit of homespun. As he went he trotted an ancient lay of love, and youth was in his step. For there had come all day upon this Prince of Israel these subtle essences distilled by spring to provoke the mating urge. At the Rae house he found only Christina.

"Where's Brother Joel, Sister Rae?"

"Himself has gone out there," Christina had answered with a wave of her hand, and using the term of respect which she always applied to her husband.

He went around the house, out past the stable and corral and across the irrigating ditch to where he saw Joel Rae leaning on the rail fence about the peach orchard. Far down between two rows of the blossoming trees he could see the girl reaching up to break off a pink-sprayed bough. He quickened his pace and was soon at the fence.

"Brother—Joel—I—the—"

The good man had been full of his message a moment before, but now he stammered and hesitated because of something cold in the other's eye as it seemed to note the unwelcome elegance of his attire. He took a quick breath and went on:

"You see the Lord has moved me to add another star to my crown."

"I see; and you have come to get me to seal you?"

"Well, of course I hadn't thought of it so soon, but if you want to do it tonight—"

"As soon as you like, Bishop—the sooner the better if you are to have the seal of another woman against

the day of desolation. Where is she?" and he turned to go back to the house. But the Bishop still paused, looking toward the orchard.

"Well, the fact is, Brother Joel, you see the Lord has made me feel to have Prudence for another star in my crown of glory—your daughter Prudence," he repeated as the other gazed at him with a sudden change of manner.

"My daughter Prudence—little Prue—that child—that baby?"

"Baby—she's 14; she was telling my daughter Mattie so just the other day, and the Legislature has made the marrying age 12 for girls and 15 for boys, so she's two years overtime already. Of course, I ain't 15, but I'm safer for her than some young cub."

"But Bishop—you don't consider—"

"Oh, of course, I know there's been private talk about her; nobody knows who her mother was, and they say whoever she was you was never married to her, so she couldn't have been born right, but I ain't bigoted like some I could name, and I stand ready to be her Savior on Mount Zion."

He waited with something of noble concession in his mien.

The other seemed only now to have fully sensed the proposal, and with real terror in his face, he began to



"It Will Surely Be in Another Month, Daddy—Perhaps Next Week."

urge the Bishop toward the house, after looking anxiously back to where the child still lingered with the mist of pink blossoms against the leafless boughs above her.

"Come, Brother Seth—come, I beg of you—we'll talk of it—but it can't be, indeed it can't!"

"Let's ask her," suggested the Bishop, disinclined to move.

"Don't, don't ask her!" He seized the other by the arm.

"Come, I'll explain; don't ask her now, at any rate—I beg of you as a gentleman—as a gentleman, for you are a gentleman."

The Bishop turned somewhat impatiently, then remarked with a dignified severity:

"Oh, I can be a gentleman whenever it's necessary!"

They went across the fields toward the house, and the Bishop spoke further.

"There ain't any need to get into your high-heeled boots, Brother Rae, just because I was aiming to save her to a crown of glory—a girl that's thought to have been born on the wrong side of the blanket!"

They stopped by the first corral, and Joel Rae talked. He talked rapidly and with power, saying many things to make it plain that he was determined not to look upon the Wild Ram of the Mountains as an acceptable son-in-law. His manner was excited and distraught, terrified and indignant, a manner hardly justified by the circumstances, about which there was nothing extraordinary, nothing not pleasing to God and in conformity to His revealed word. Bishop Wright indeed was puzzled to account for the heat of his manner, and in recounting the interview to Elder Wardle, he threw out an intimation about strong drink.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I suspicion he'd just been putting a new facet in the older barrel."

When Prudence came in from the blossoming peach trees that night her father called her to him to sit on his lap in the dusk while the crickets

sang, and grow sleepy as had been her baby habit.

"What did Bishop Wright want?" she asked, after her head was pillowed on his arm. Relieved that it was over, now even a little amused, he told her: "He wanted to take my little girl away, to marry her."

She was silent for a moment, and then:

"Wouldn't that be fine, and we could build each other up in the Kingdom." He held her tighter.

"Surely, child, you couldn't marry him?"

"But of course I could! Isn't he tried in the Kingdom, so he is sure to have all those thrones and dominions and power?"

"But child, child! That old man with all his wives—"

"But they say old men are safer than young men. Young men are not tried in the Kingdom. I shouldn't like a young husband anyway—they always want to play rough games, and pull your hair, and take things away from you, and get in the way."

"But, baby, don't, don't—"

"Why, you silly father, your voice sounds as if you were almost crying—please don't hold me so tight—and some one must save me before the Son of Man comes to judge the quick and the dead; you know a woman can't be saved alone. I think Bishop Wright would make a fine husband, and I should have Mattie Wright to play with every day."

"And you would leave me?"

"Why, that's so, Daddy! I never thought—of course I can't leave my little sorry father—not yet. I forgot that. I couldn't leave you. Now tell me about my mother again."

He told her the story she already knew so well—how beautiful her mother was, the look of her hair and eyes, her slenderness, the music of her voice, and the gladness of her laugh.

He was awake all night in a fever of doubt and rebellion. By the light of the candle, he read in the Book of Mormon passages that had often puzzled but never troubled him until now

tion, doubt, and to lose his faith. To give her up would kill him.

But at least for a little while he could put it off.

## CHAPTER XXV.

How the World Did Not Come to an End.

With the first day of 1879 Joel Rae began to wait. With prayer and fasting and vigils he waited. Now was the day when the earth should be purified by fire, the wicked swept from the land, and the lost tribes of Israel restored to their own. Now was to come the Son of Man who should dwell in righteousness with men, reigning over them on the purified earth for a thousand years.

He watched the mild winter go, with easy faith; and the early spring come and go, with a dawning uneasiness. For the time was passing with never the blast of a trumpet from the heavens. He began to see then that he alone, of all Amalton, had kept his faith pure. For the others had foolishly sown their fields, as if another crop were to be harvested, as if they must continue to eat bread that was earth-grown. Even Prudence had strangely ceased to believe as he did. Something from the outside had come, he knew not what nor how, to tarnish the fair gold of her certainty. She had not said so, but he divined it when he shrewdly observed that she was seeking to comfort him, to support his own faith when day after day the Son of Man came not.

"It will surely be in another month, Daddy—perhaps next week—perhaps to-morrow," she would say cheerfully. "And you did right not to put in any crops. It would have been wicked to doubt."

His hope lasted hardly until the year ended. Before the time was over, there had crept into his mind a conviction that the Son of Man would not come; that the Lord's favor had been withdrawn from Israel. He knew the cause—the shedding of innocent blood. They might have made war; indeed, many of the revelations to Joseph discriminated even between murder and that murder in which innocent blood should be shed; but the truth was plain. They had shed innocent blood that day in the Meadows. Now the Lord's favor was withdrawn and His coming deferred, perhaps another thousand years. The torture of the thing came back to him with all its early coloring, so that his days and nights were full of anguish. He no longer dared open the Bible to that reddened page. The cries already rang in his ears, and he knew not what worse torture might come if he looked again upon the stain; nor could he free himself from these by the old expedient of prayer, for he could no longer pray with an honest heart; he was no longer unselfish, could no longer kneel in perfect submission; he was wholly bound to this child of her mother, and the peace of absolute and utter sacrifice could not come back to him. Full of unrest, feeling that somehow the end, at least for him, could not be far off, he went north to the April Conference. He took Prudence with him, not daring to leave her behind.

She went with high hopes, alive with new sensations. Another world lay outside her valley of the mountains, and she was going to peep over the edge at its manifold fascinations. She had been there before as a child; now she was going as a woman. She remembered the city, bigger and grander than fifty Amaltons, with magnificent stores filled with exotic novelties and fearsome luxuries from the land of the wicked Gentile.

More fondly did she recall two wonderful evenings at the theater. First had been the thrilling "Robert Macaire," then the romantic "Pizarro," in which Rolfe, had been a being of such overwhelming beauty that she had felt he could not be of earth.

And there were strange new faces to be seen, people surely of a different world, of a different manner from those she had known, wearing, with apparent carelessness, garments even more strangely elegant than those in the shop windows, and speaking in strange, soft accents. She was told that these were Gentiles, tourists across the continent, who had ventured from Ogden to observe the wonders of the new Zion. The thought of the railroad was in itself thrilling. To be so near that wonderful highway to the land of the evil-doers and to a land, alas! of so many strange delights. She shuddered at her own wickedness, but fell again and again, and was held in bondage by the allurements about her. So thrilled to her soul's center was she that the pleasure of it hurt her, and the tears would come to her eyes until she felt she must be alone to cry for the awful joy of it.

The evening brought still more to endure, for they went to the play. It was a play that took her out of herself, so that the crowd was lost to her from the moment the curtain went up in obedience to a little bell that tinkled mysteriously—either back on the stage or in her own heart, she was not sure which.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Needs of Naval Officers.

Admiral Sir Edward Fremantle, who entered the British navy in 1843 when 13 years old, has been publishing some of his experiences and observations. He agrees emphatically with President Roosevelt that "the naval officer of the future must be a fighting engineer," and he thinks that this view is shared by the British admiralty. The admiral also says: "In the present age we are so entirely dependent on mechanical science that it is essential that our officers and men should learn to 'grease and gauge' with the engineers if they are to be capable seamen."

## "THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., Has Married 1400 Couples.

Justice Geo. E. Law, of Brazil, Ind., has fairly earned the title "The Marrying Squire," by which he is known far and wide, having already married some 1400 couples. Ten years ago he was Deputy County Treasurer. "At that time," said Justice Law, "I was suffering from an annoying kidney trouble. My back ached, my rest

was broken at night, and the passages of the kidney secretions were too frequent and contained sediment. Three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills cured me in 1897, and for the past nine years I have been free from kidney complaint and backache."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## STUDENT MADE HIS POINT.

No Doubt the Policeman Understood What He Meant.

W. H. Mallock, the well-known English writer and political economist, said at a dinner in New York, apropos of a new definition of socialism: "I find that definition rather confusing. It reminds me of the young Oxford student's badinage with the policeman. 'Officer,' said the youth late one night, 'I'd like to ask you a question.' 'Very well, sir.' 'Does the law permit me to call you an ass?'"

"You move on," the officer growled. "But stop a bit," continued the youth. "Does the law permit me to call an ass a policeman?"

"The law don't say nothing about that," was the gruff reply.

"Then," said the youth, "good-night, Mr. Policeman."

## BABY IN TERRIBLE STATE.

Awful Humor Eating Away Face—Body a Mass of Sores—Cuticura Cures in Two Weeks.

"My little daughter broke out all over her body with a humor, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away. Her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a new-born babe's. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars. Instead of seventy-five cents. Mrs. George J. Steese, 701 Coburn St., Akron, O., Aug. 30, 1905."

## THE DIFFERENCE IN TASTE.

Dogs Prized as Edible in China Are Here Fashion's Pets.

"He is the real thing in the way of a chow," said she. "Father bought him for me in Shanghai. Did you know they ate them there?"

"I had heard that the Chinese ate dogs, but I thought it was a fake, like the story of their eating rats."

"No; it is the truth. They do eat dogs, but only the chow variety. 'Chow,' you know, means 'edible.' Yes, they eat chows. In every butcher shop you see chows' carcasses hung up, the same as we hang up the carcasses of pigs. The flesh is white."

"White?"

"Yes; like veal. The Chinese raise chows for food and feed them only soft, watery stuff, mashed vegetables and bread and milk. No meat whatever. Hence the white flesh."

"Notice Wu's black tongue. Well, chow tongue is a Chinese delicacy. They make soup of it. But it is very expensive, like our turtle soup, and it is only eaten by the rich."

"Isn't it strange that a dog so fashionable with us should be only an article of food in China?"

## "Old King Cole."

"Old King Cole," the merry monarch of the nursery rhyme, has been identified with Cole, Coal, or Coll, a semi-mythical king of Britain, who, according to Robert of Gloucester and other old chroniclers, succeeded Asclepiad on the British throne about 225 A. D. He it was who built the walls around the city of Colchester, so named in his honor. Saint Helena is supposed to have been his daughter.

He who is always hearing and answering the call of life to be thoughtful, and brave and self-sacrificing—he alone can safely hear the other cry of life, tempting him to be happy and enjoy.—Phillips Brooks.

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Rheumatism is a painful inflammation of the muscles or of the coverings of the joints and is sometimes accompanied by swelling. The pain is sharp and shooting and does not confine itself to any one part of the body, but after settling in one joint or muscle for a time, leaves it and passes on to another. The most dangerous tendency of the disease is to attack the heart. External applications may give relief from pain for a time but the disease cannot be cured until the blood is purified. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best medicine for this purpose as their action is directly on the blood, making it rich, red and healthy. When the blood is pure there can be no rheumatism.

Mrs. Ellen A. Russell, of South Goff St., Auburn, Me., says: "I had been sick for fifteen years from impure blood, brought on by overwork. My heart was weak and my hands colorless. I was troubled with indigestion and vomiting spells, which came on every few months. I had no appetite and used to have awful fainting spells, falling down when at my work. I frequently felt numb all over. My head ached continuously for five years."

"About two years ago I began to feel rheumatism in my joints, which became so lame I could hardly walk. My joints were swollen and pained me terribly."

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me by a friend, after I had failed to get well from the doctor's treatment. When I began taking the pills, the rheumatism was at its worst. I had taken only a few boxes, when the headaches stopped and not long afterward I felt the pain in my joints becoming less and less, until there was none at all. The stiffness was gone and I have never had any return of the rheumatism."

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